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darted forward from the line, and in spite of all his rider's exertions, carried him into the midst of a squadron of French cavalry. The enemy immediately surrounded him, and all vied with each other for the honour of seizing the English standard; but with a generosity which then characterised them, they wished, if possible, to obtain it without sacrificing the life of one whom they already considered their prisoner. They, however cut at his arm, hoping thus to force him to drop his charge. He was totally defenceless, one hand grasping the standard, the other holding the reins; but he kept firm, and as they cried "*rendez l'étendard*," his only answer was, "*Oui, mais le bras*."* The crowd of combatants impeded each other, and the impetuosity of his charger prevented the effect of many of their blows. He received several severe wounds, which, however, failed of changing his determination. He remained resolute to be cut down, rather than forfeit the honour of the regiment. At length the unruly beast, making a sudden turn, broke through the throng and bore him safely back to his friends, who received with astonishment and transport the young hero and the standard. He lived to be an old man, and has frequently repeated the story to his intimate friends, and showed his arm, all seamed with the gashes he had received in that glorious struggle.

*Surrender the standard....Yes, with my arm.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A FRAGMENT.

...THEN the short, and sullen meal, and
silent,
Save where silence yields to the bell's summons,
That calls up the slim and agile waiter,
Who slides in, writhing his lithe proboscis,
To tell me what's to pay, and bows as low
As to a god; counts the strict measur'd
change,
Flies off in fume, and gives me to the devil.
One plate...one dish...and, then, to
round the hour,
One pint of porter...I sit and seem to think,
But all is dark...all without form and void,
No human face divine, sheds on my face
A pure and lambent light. No spirit of
love

A FRENCH COMPLIMENT.

When General Humbert was taken prisoner at Ballynamuck, he dined with some of the British officers...On drinking toasts after dinner, when he was called upon for his, he proposed *General Vereker*. No one objected to it; but one of the company corrected him, by saying, that he had used a wrong title, the gentleman named being only a Colonel...."You may call him what you please," replied the republican officer, with more truth than good breeding; "but, in my opinion, *he was the only general I met with since I landed*."

TOPSY-TURVEY.

At a dinner in London, a large turbot graced the head of the table....The carver, as may be supposed, was not allowed to ground his arms: he found great difficulty in cutting out the nice bits, which were most in demand, and which, as every connoisseur knows, always lie undermost, as the fish is served up. On complaining of this, the entertainer endeavoured to console him, by assuring him that when he next occupied that post, the inconvenience should be remedied; "for," says he, "I will give particular directions to the cook, hereafter to serve up turbot with the *underside uppermost*."

FRENCH BULL.

Denon, in his travels through Egypt, says that the army on arriving at a village, found the whole population in arms to oppose their entrance. "We had no other means," continues he, "to show that we meant to do them no harm, *than by putting them all to the sword*."

Draws from its depth the meeting tide of
soul
That mounts into the eyes, where sympathy
Sits like a halcyon, on the wat'ry swell,
No feasts, where sense adds zest to sentiment,
Such feasts as Booth shar'd with Amelia,
When woo'd by her angelic voice to take
What her white hand had carv'd which
took from his
The pledge, the sparkling pledge of love
and friendship.
Not the mere jingle of two frigid glasses,
But the sweet interchange of kindred souls,
And wishes meeting like the lips of her that
fram'd them,
As soft and warm, and tender;
Hc, her dear Booth, and she, his darling
girl.

How dull, compared with this, the
lonely crowd
Where idiot ceremony sickens us
With healths, and palls the graceless meal;
Meals that begin without one thought of
God,
And end by loudly calling for the *devil*.
Instinct with fire, and all embroil'd, he
comes

Amidst an universal hubbub wild,
Of soft piano pipes, and brazen throats
Striving for mastery...the devil...the devil.

Ithuriel touch'd him lightly with his
spear,
The fearless fair one strikes her bolder
fork

Deep in the "gristly wing"...and, then,
with breath,

Which whispers whence it stole its sav'ry
spoil,

Wafts round the fragrance, like the spicy
shore

Of Araby the bless'd. Then to some cu-
rate,

With hair carv'd nicely in one rigid curl,
But manners loose, obsequious as an osier,
Transmits the type of Satan. He gives
thanks,

And whispers in her ear some paltry pun.

This makes me long to shut my cham-
ber door

In the world's face...to stride athwart the
room,

In proud and insulated independence,
Stamping upon the servitudes of life,
As on a carpet wov'n with chequer'd co-
lours;

Or, with legs rais'd, at horizontal height,
Widely encircling one warm friend...the
fire...

With arms close wreathed, back-reclining
head,

And eyes most sternly fix'd upon the cei-
ling,

To sit...unburthen'd with a cumbrous
world,

And bless'd as Atlas, lighten'd of his load.

Did not some heav'nly impulse drive us
on,

This weight of world would sink us to the
centre.

As body gravitates, the soul would grovel,
And its sole pow'r would be the pow'r of
falling

Thro' vast vacuity. We still retain

The impulse of his hand who bade us run
The circuit of the heav'ns...not like comets
Now flaming fierce upon the eyes of men,
Then lost, in dark and frigid solitude,
But with more regular and certain course,

And, even in solitude, attracting light;
To shed again with kindest influence.
Yet strange, how soon I long for company!
It gently agitates the stagnant mind,
And we are drawn by many petty habits,
As Gulliver by Lilliputian cords.
Nauseous at first, and then indifferent,
Acquaintance grows upon us, like tobacco,
We know not why or wherefore. But we
feel

The hungry vacuum of an idle heart.
This forces one to sit with sad composure
While the long story creeps along, along,
Propt on a thousand petty circumstances,
And nothing is forgotten...but the joke.

***** MOROSUS.

INDEPENDENCE.

TO MY COUNTRYMEN.

MARK the golden sun on high
Scatt'ring round a glorious ray!

Flaming through the desert sky,
Matchless ruler of the day.

Thus, where INDEPENDENCE reigns,

Wide it spreads a steady light,
And soon majestic height it gains,
While slav'ry sinks away from sight.

What though sinks awhile the sun,
Long it gilds the western skies

Soon again its course shall run,
Soon with double splendor rise;

Thus, a light in feeble times,
Independence here shall reign,
Or soon, if circling distant climes,
Shall here refulgent rise again.

What tho' Isr'el's tribes so long,
Bow'd the knee at Baal's shrine,

A thousand, thousand hearts were strong,
Nor durst from glory's course decline;

No!...they knew the Patriot's part,
Look'd with scorn on tyrant pow'rs,

Their country's love inspir'd each heart,
And that sweet love shall glow in ours.

What though Grecians now no more,
Shine a nation brave and free,

Yet some, while they the loss deplore,
Still love the song of liberty:

They, who have but heard of day,
Freedom's day, revolt at night,

And we...shall Britains basely stray
In darkness, born in glorious light?

Did Columbia strive in vain?

Long in vain oppose our will?

No...great the fight, nor small the gain,
And Britons love Columbia still;

She for Independence bled,
Glorious death! and glorious prize!

Muse Britains, muse on patriots dead,
And bid a proud ambition rise,